Intrepid Traveling

In The Orient

The Baird Group taken at the entrance of the Confucious Shrine. Jimmy, our Taiwan guide, is on the back row.

Rachel F. Lawson

This picture was taken on our arrival in Hong Kong -
Left to right - Owen Baird, Laura Thompson, Gretchen Miller, Charles Baird, Eunice Allen, Rachel Lawson, Shirley Allard, Sue Cross, Mary Pettyjohn, Hazel and Pete Toombs, Jean Wilson, Agnes Ragsdale and Bea and Carlyle Adkins.

NOTE:

Grateful acknowledgement is given to Mrs. Laura W. Thompson who assisted me in gathering and compiling the details of this marvelous trip. Thanks to Sue, Jean and Shirley for the use of their notes taken on this trip.

Rachel F. Lawson

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TIMES-VIRGINIAN

Appomattox, Virginia

It was much too early on the foggy morning of July 24, 1971, when Sue Cross, Mary Pettyjohn and Laura Thompson arrived at my home at 5:30 o'clock to travel to the William Byrd Airport, Richmond, where we would join the other eleven members of our party for the long anticipated trip to The Orient.

The two Appomattox "early birds", Earle Robinson and Martha Stimpson of The Times-Virginian staff, were here to snap a picture of our "Foursome" for the local newspaper. My grandson, Tommy Lawson, and his friend, Jerry Acuff, surprised me by arriving in time to take my baggage to the car.

En route to the airport, (gleeful, full of conversation and anticipation,) we ran into a dense fog which slowed us down. We were among the first to arrive at the airport even though we lived the greatest distance away.

The well known and interesting Baird Family of Laurel, Virginia, arrived shortly. Mr. Baird (Owen), our tour conductor, and his middle son, Charles (Chuck) were all excited. Owen said it was a difficult decision to make as to who would accompany him on this trip. On many of his trips as a tour conductor for Triple A, he has been accompanied by the entire family, but due to "lean finances and other summer recreational conflicts" it was agreed that Chuck would be the lucky one!! Owen's wife, Mildred, their daughter, Eva, and other two sons, James (Buddy) and Robert (Boo) were there to wish us a wonderful "Bon Voyage."

I knew some of our traveling companions, having made the trip to Europe last summer and also the Caribbean Cruise at Easter time. There were quite a number of friends and families there to see us off!!

After checking baggage, buying fantastic amounts of trip insurance and getting acquainted while drinking coffee, we left by Eastern Airline at 9 o'clock, 40 minutes later than scheduled time on account of the fog. We put down in Atlanta just 3 minutes too late to make connection with our flight to San Francisco. We were fortunate in being transferred to a Braniff Whisper Jet, and flew FIRST CLASS to Dallas, Texas.

This was my first time to fly first class and it was really a plush experience. The seats were roomy and like a comfortable living-room chair; we were served a de-luxe meal first; alcoholic beverages were free. The last advantage did not affect me as I'm a "teetotaller". A gentleman, about 35, who was sitting across the aisle from me, did not understand why I did not order a drink since they were free. Laughingly, I told him that I was a member of the W.C.T.U., at the same time knowing that he had no idea what kind of organization this was. I explained to him the letters stood for "Women's Christian Temperance Union," an active organization years ago. Those sitting near us got a big kick out of our conversation. We became real chummy and I did not know that he was a VIP until he gave me his card just before leaving the plane in Dallas. He was Bill Anderson, Vice-President, Hughes Aircraft Corp., San Francisco. I told him that I had no idea I was chatting with a VIP. His reply was – "Don't give me any credit – my uncle is President."

We departed Dallas at 1:20 p.m. Central time, on Braniff's International Boeing 747, the last word in jet elegance. This plane seated 367 passengers and was as long as a football field with a wing span of 195 feet. It had 4 engines with 43,000 lbs. thrust each. The tail was 5 stories high with the pilot sitting 3 stories up. It was announced that we were traveling at an altitude of 30,000 feet and a speed of 625 M.P.H. We were provided with ear 'phones for music or could view the movie, "Hello Dolly." We had been served a bountiful breakfast on each of the three planes – and one before I left home – that made 4!!

After a flight of seven and one-half hours we arrived in Honolulu at 3:40 p.m. their time. We were transferred to another section of the airport by bus where we boarded a Japanese Air Line #747, flight #51, for a seven hour flight to Tokyo. The Japanese airline stewards and stewardesses were most attractive and accomodating. The plane was not crowded and we had ample room to spread out.

Our Foursome maneuvered around and set up an improvised bridge table and played while flying over the Pacific. We played a set game (Laura and Mary, Sue and me) whenever we could arrange it whether flying, in airports, hotels or on the beach. We kept a continuous score throughout the trip with a dinner at stake. The final score was close but I'm too modest to tell who won! Sue's "claim to fame" is that she bid and made a GRAND SLAM, vulnerable, while flying across the Pacific. I was lucky enough to repeat this "claim to fame" while in Taiwan.

We crossed the International Date Line at 3:15 p.m. Japanese time July 25th. The J.A.L. presented each of the passengers a framed certificate, written in Japanese, stating that we had crossed the International Date Line. The Japanese time is 13 hours in advance of our time in Virginia. When it is 7 o'clock in the morning here at home, it is 8 o'clock in the evening in Japan.

After traveling over 10,000 miles, we landed in Tokyo and went through customs where we showed our passports. Owen was quite disturbed when we were not met by our guide and later learned that our baggage failed to travel along with us. We were told that the baggage would be there the following morning and it would be necessary for us to return to claim it. Of course, we had our flight bags and could easily make out until morning.

Our wait at the airport seemed lengthy but interesting. This airport is one of the busiest in the world and we had our first real introduction to the Japanese people and some of their customs. The natives are short, trim and neat and most polite to each other and visitors. One Japanese said, "We are known for our politeness. Some friends from abroad, annoyed by our set forms of courtesy, say that we are 'too polite'. This, of course, is a matter of personal opinion. But it is a fact that politeness is a national characteristic with us."

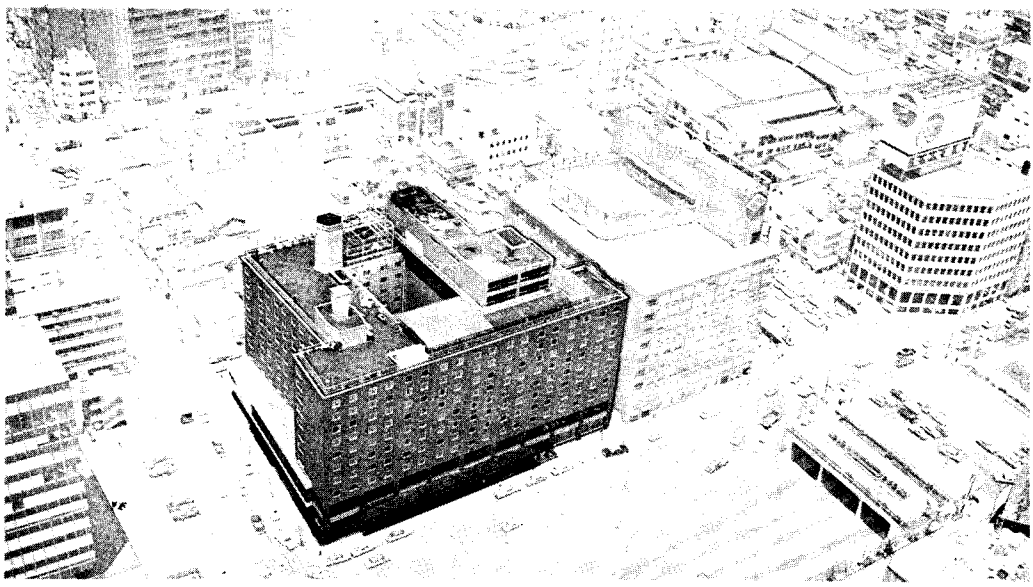
There are no fat Japanese people! Whether they use self control or belong to "Weight Watchers" we didn't find out. Possibly if I had stayed there for any length of time I could have regained my avoidupois as I do not like Japanese food or any other foreign foods – just give me "good ole plain" American food.

There seemed to be thousands of men, women and children milling around in the airport – some bidding farewell and others greeting friends and relatives. As per custom, they greeted each other with polite bows, sometimes kissing – men kissing men. The lower the bow, the more respect, so we were told. Practically everyone seemed to be in a good humor and were smiling. Even the menial workers in the airport were never in a hurry and seemed content and ready to serve.

We were disappointed and surprised to note the absence of traditional Japanese dress. Practically everyone was wearing western clothing. The young women with western hair styles, were wearing cute miniskirts which accentuated their slim figures, older women more modest western dresses. The men were attired in dark suits, white shirts, conservative ties and neatly cut and combed hair. How refreshing it was not to see a HIPPIE !!

Owen finally arranged for us to travel to our hotel, The Ginza Tokyu, by taxis in a pouring down rain. En route there we got our first glimpse of that BIG, bustling, busy and confusing city. It was now night and we had been traveling 36 hours. We were not sure of the hour or day of the week. We were too frightened to care as all cars were traveling at an excessive speed, including the taxi in which we were riding. I just closed my eyes and expected a crash any second.

The hotel was large, beautiful and the accomodations almost luxurious. The Ginza Strip is world famous for its shops. Every hotel provides its guests with bedroom slippers. The hotel, catering to Japanese travelers, provide the guests not only with the slippers, but also tooth brushes, tooth paste, soap and kimonos in which to sleep.



An Aerial view of our Hotel in Hong Kong, The Ginza Tokyu Hotel.

After a restful night in our comfortable and spacious rooms, we were "rarin' " to go for new adventures and fascinating experiences in spite of intermittent heavy showers.

While partaking of our mediocre breakfast at the hotel a merchant, who evidently keeps in close touch with the Japanese Travel Bureau, approached Owen and invited our group to visit his shop, transportation to be furnished by him. We agreed and en route there in taxis we were impressed with the crowds of people on the streets so early in the morning, each holding an open umbrella, every color of the rainbow. I'm sure this clever merchant was well pleased with the business given him by our group. He graciously expressed his appreciation by presenting each of us with a silk scarf before returning us to the hotel. Laura made her first 'check-off' on her shopping list after purchasing a Seiko watch for her son Jim.

Sally Nakamura, our assigned courier guide, was awaiting us at the hotel to accompany us to the airport to claim our luggage. While waiting there we enjoyed a drink we had never had before or found since – a fresh icy-cold honey-dew melon juice !!

It was at this hotel, filled with other chartered tours and some from the United States, that Sue and Laura found themselves on the elevator with an American couple who wore tour badges. Our friendly Sue asked this couple the name of their tour. They told her and Sue sweetly replied, "We're with the A-A-A-" and from the puzzled expressions on their faces, Laura realized that this couple was not familar with our Triple A, and she turned to Sue and said, "Sue, they think we're with "Alcoholic Anonymous." This was so funny because as far as "teetolers" are concerned, Sue and I are tied for first place. Later on Sue found in her room an English paper advertisement concerning the time and place of the next meeting of the Alcoholic Anonymous Group. This paper was mysteriously left there and Sue accused each of us but honestly we were innocent.

"The Foursome" with Sally Nakamura, our guide while in Japan.

In early afternoon we boarded a chartered bus for a tour of the city of TOKYO, a city 400 years old and the largest city in the world with a population of nearly 11 million people. Sally, (fortyish) proved to be a friendly, attractive and intelligent guide. All chartered buses have a hostess who assists the driver when parking is difficult, and are on hand to administer to the passengers when the need arises. On extremely hot days, these oriental hostesses had available ice cold face cloths which they passed out. We wonder just how we could have existed without this special service at times – most refreshing, just ask Shirley?

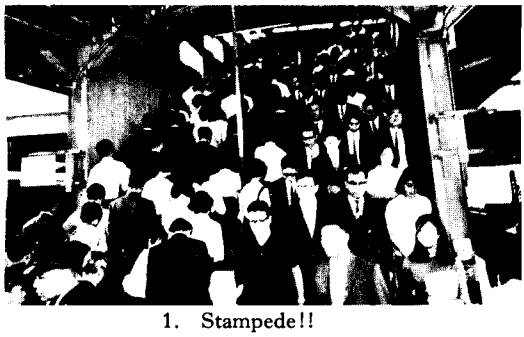
It was a real curiosity to witness the uniformed hostess, with the aid of a whistle, assist the driver in getting in and out of crowded parking lots. These whistles must have been used similar to the morse code in our early telegraph, because the driver understood amazingly well what the hostess wanted him to do.

Tokyo is not a planned city. The Imperial Palace is situated in the center of the city, surrounded by high walls to prevent anyone from seeing it. The streets are long and winding; many of which are not marked which makes it difficult to find your way around. We were given slips with the name and address of our hotel in Japanese to show a taxi driver in case we got lost, as few taxi drivers spoke English.

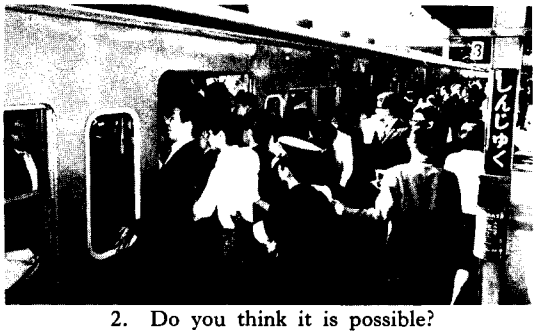
The Japanese were very proud of the MONORAIL when it was first built but it is now losing money. It only runs from the station to the airport – no stops, no baggage. The subways are now replacing the street cars. It requires two or three years to build a subway and they are being built continually. It is predicted that before too long, underground Tokyo will be a net work of subways.

Commuter railroads enter the city from every angle, bringing commuters from as far as 90 miles away to their work. These trains run tight schedules and "pushers" are employed by the railway company to literally shove the riders into the trains, always trying to make room for one more.

押し屋 PROFESSIONAL PUSHERS



1. Stampede!!



2. Do you think it is possible?

3. Don't leave me behind

4. Cuddle up a little closer!

5. I can't miss this train

6. We made it!

The Bullet Trains travel 130 miles per hour and make no stops from their point of origin to their destination. All seats are reserved on these trains.

Just a little about Japan and its people – Japan lies just off the northeastern coast of the Asian Mainland and consists of four major islands and some 3,000 smaller islands. About 90 per cent of its land is mountains, the highest of which is the world famous Mt. Fuji, 12,385 feet. Japan is not quite as large as the State of California. Many of these hills and mountains are cultivated all the way up to the top.

About 104 million people are packed into an area of about 143,000 square miles. Japan is probably the most densely populated nation on earth.

The climate in Japan varies, depending on where you are. The chain of islands stretches virtually from north to south. There are four distinct seasons. Northern Japan is similar to our climate in the New England States, while southern Japan is warmer and has a climate similar to the French Riviera.

Although Japan's economy has had a high growth rate, it's per capita annual income is only Y255.243 ($709.000, placing the country in about 20th. position. At the time we were there 360Y equaled $1.00 U.S.A. money.

This country's educational system is patterned after that of the United States – six years of primary school, three years of middle school (compulsary), and three years of high school. There are 270 colleges and universities and 320 junior colleges in Japan.

There are three principal religions in Japan—Shinto, Buddhism and Christianity. Shinto is Japan's own cult, and the word literally means "the way of the gods." The Shinto Shrines are still the center of many social activities such as festivals and wedding ceremonies.

Buddhism was introduced to Japan from India, by way of China and Korea. The principal doctrine taught by Buddha is that life is to carry burdens which are caused by the worldly desire of man. About two-thirds of the nation's population are Buddhists. There seems to be little conflict between Buddhism and Shinto worship as many Japanese serve both.

Christianaity came to Japan about 400 years ago and its course had not been an easy one. Christians were persecuted horribly in the 17th century. Today there are some 900,000 Christians in Japan and about 6,000 churches. Only three per cent of the entire population is Christian.

Despite the great changes in the Japanese ways of life, the institution of marriage – and the wedding itself – has retained much of its feudalistic charm. They become officially betrothed when the prospective groom's parents send symbolic gifts (fresh fish, a silk sash or money) to the home of the bride-to-be.

A day or two before the wedding, the bride's trousseau and dowry, including the hope chest, are shipped to her future husband's house.

Though some modern couples demand a Christian ceremony, the traditional Japanese wedding is still usually performed by Shinto rites in a shrine. Meiji Shrine is the most popular in Tokyo.

The bride is indeed a pretty sight. Her face is covered with white powder; her heavily pomaded hair is molded into the ancient shimada fashion, and she wears a strange, box-like covering over her hairdo which is supposed to hide the "horns of jealously growing from her head."

The marriage ceremony is highlighted by purification rites performed by Shinto priests, a triple toast and a long speech by the go-between, the gist of which is to assure all of the relatives and friends how lucky the bride and groom are to be getting each other.

Foreign visitors are often disappointed to learn that not many Japanese wear kimonos particularly in the big cities. The reason is simple – the kimono is not only expensive but it is not as comfortable as western clothes in this modern age. Kimono patterns and colors are different but the cutting or style is almost uniform, varying with the season. The YUKATA is a gay cotton summer kimono and quite relaxing.

Men's kimonos are conservative in color and design but just as expensive as women's kimonos.

The affection and appreciation of the Japanese towards nature and life is the foundation of the unique Japanese gardens. IKEBANA, the art of flower arranging, is another elegant and unique cultural heritage of traditional Japan. This art is enjoyed by both men and women and some of the great masters are men. This art is quite common in Japan. You will have an opportunity to see it everywhere – in offices, homes, restaurants and even in buses and taxi cabs – any place where there is life.

Some of the schools have special classes for foreigners. Bea Adkins of Richmond, one of our party, was fortunate to have friends in Japan who arranged for her to attend an IKEBANA school. Bea is a certified judge in flower arrangement.

Let's go back to our bus and travel through this fascinating city ! ! We first saw an elaborate oriental theatre where Shakespeare's plays and others are staged. Only men are allowed to perform in this theatre.

We later visited the Happoen Garden where we participated in a Japanese Tea ceremony. Foreign tourists are usually fascinated by this ritual called CHANOYU. Although some may suspect that Britons are the champion tea drinkers, the Japanese go further –they make a ceremony out of it! However, their tea is green tea and there is quite a difference between that and what we are used to.

This ceremony has been practiced and enjoyed prior to the 16th century and it is a MUST for young maidens to learn who are training themselves to be good wives. The ceremony is said to be a means of cultivating mental composure and poise. It is the very foundation of Japanese culture. There are schools to train Tea Masters and Tea Mistresses.

Mary and I are being served at the Ceremonial Tea

Here is how it is done . . . We were seated on wooden benches and served candied fruits and a sweet cake. The kimonoed Tea Mistress, serene and calm, seated at her table with the necessary equipment, made the tea. She was most graceful and each movement had a special meaning. She was assisted by two beautiful Japanese girls. Sally had previously explained to us just how we were to act. There was much bowing and dignity. While drinking this tea, one is supposed to think about these things – harmony, respect, cleanliness, calmness, quietness and tranquility and say only complimentary things. Our Tea Mistress is director of one of the 300 schools in Japan for ceremonial tea drinkers. We later saw her instructing one of her classes. (Believe you me when I say the tea was vile and it was hard for me to pretend that I was drinking – it resembled slimey water and tasted worse, I imagine.)

The tradition of tea drinking started in China. Originally it was very expensive and used only for medicinal purposes. In the 12th century, a Buddhist priest brought green tea plants into Japan, cultivating them for their own use to prevent drowsiness during their meditation. By the 19th century it had become popular and inexpensive. The bushes aren't large and the leaves are picked by hand twice a year.

The garden around the tea house was embedded with evergreens and beautiful rocks. The Japanese people look for beauty in simplicity. There are few blooming flowers in temple gardens as they do not wish to suggest death in any form. Bordering this garden there was an amusement center.

Leaving the garden, we saw the first of many mirrors placed at stragetic points throughout the city to enable operators of motor vehicles to see traffic approaching from either direction. There were thousands and thousands of Toyota cars and other small foreign cars.

Sally pointed out to us the National Diet Building, the Imperial Palace Plaza, Meiji Shrine Outer Garden, Ueno Park and Asakusa Amusement Quarters.

It was pouring down rain when we arrived at the Buddhist Temple, just as the doors were being closed by the Priests. The Temple was elaborate but not expensive. The people continued to worship and throw coins into a grate-like container and saying their prayers to a perfectly huge Buddha. There is no set date or time to worship in these Temples and Shrines. Those who are of this faith, first stop at a fountain; wash their mouths, and then worship. They worship with bowed heads, closed eyes and inaudible recitation of prayer.

There were small rolled pieces of fortune papers, which for a fee, one could select a fortune. After reading the fortune, if it was good one could keep, and if it was bad, it was tied to a tree or bush and left. There were so many trees and bushes filled with these abandoned fortunes it almost seemed as if they were decorations. I was very much pleased with my fortune which Sally read to me, a part of which has already materialized. "When in Rome, act as the Romans," is my motto. The same applies to Japan, eh?

A half block in front of the temple was a very large incense burner. The natives would stand in front of it, rub the smoke over their faces, neck and arms; go to the fountains and cleanse their mouths and spit the water out into a running stream of water, (I hope this water did not recirculate). They then believed themselves to be ceremonially clean and were ready to go to the Shinto Shrine to worship.

Just back of this fountain we found many shops which sold almost anything one would want, including food cooked on the spot. It was well lighted but not under very good cover and on account of the continued rain we had to pass it by.

It was now dinner time !! We were bussed to the Matsubaya Restaurant where we were served a Japanese Sukiyaki dinner with Geisha Girls and other entertainment later. (I enjoyed the entertainment, but not the food!) The outside of this restaurant was like a tropical garden and very beautiful in a rustic sort of way.

On entering we were told to remove our shoes and were then escorted into a typical Japanese dining room with matting on the floor. The tables were about two feet high and we were to "arrange ourselves comfortably" (?) on a pillow and partake, by way of chopsticks, of a Japanese dinner. The Japanese have stooped and squatted on their knees and rocked on their heels for thousands of years and they seem quite comfortable. Eating with chopsticks gracefully is what comes naturally to them, but it seemed almost impossible for us Virginians to learn these new tricks in a matter of minutes.

Sukiyaki is a kind of stew cooked at the table by Japanese girls who are kneeling or squatting in the natural Japanese posture in front of the table. Strips of beef, sliced onion, chunks of soybean curd and a semi-transparent gelatine-like noodle, are simmered together in a pot with a light mixture of sake (rice wine) and soy sauce. It is eaten with rice after being dipped in a raw egg. Can you imagine ME eating this concoction with chopsticks ?? Some said they enjoyed it and others told the truth!!

Following this "fondue" dinner, we were delightfully entertained by the Geisha girls dancing to the accompanient of music provided by two male performers. We considered the music rather harsh and tuneless. Maybe this was the reason the girls danced with their hands and slow body movements.

The highlight of the evening was when Pete Toombs was invited by one of the Japanese girls to dance. These were not Geishas but girls who moved about quite freely, rhythmically and enthusiastically. Pete was a good sport! Soon all of our party was on the floor trying to follow dance instructions. Lot's of fun!! The Geisha girls were heavily powdered with white rice powder, noticeably lipsticked, and eyebrows and lashes deeply accented. Their hair was arranged in typical Geisha girl fashion but today they wear wigs. Their kimonos were elaborate and the other girls were dressed in kimonos less elaborate and much looser.

Even though exhausted from our long and interesting day, our Foursome enjoyed a few hands of bridge before retiring.

Sally was at the hotel the next morning early to transfer us to the Asakusa Railway station where we traveled to NIKKO on the Tobu Romance Limited express train, all seats reserved. This was a 90 mile trip. Through the train windows we saw that the suburbs of Tokyo were "slummy" with cheap looking dwelling houses built very closely together, some with roofs overlapping. The land was flat. Much rice is produced here along with some fruit.

Evidently the Japanese do not patronize their laundries as clothes were handing on lines in every direction. (We wounded if they had launderies there for which they are so well known in the U.S.A.) Every apartment house balcony had clothes lines strung from one end to the other. Sally told us there were many washing machines in Japan but no dryers.

We arrived in NIKKO at 10:25 a.m. and enjoyed six hours of sight-seeing. Nikko is one of the most celebrated tourist resorts in Japan. It is the center of the Mountainous Nikko National Park, extending over a vast area of scenic beauty.

After passing the Main Street from the Tobu Nikko Station, you enter the Nikko National Park through an avenue of 150,000 Japanese cedars. You will soon view the beautiful Toshogu Shrine with its gorgeous Japanese architecture, erected in 1636. Carpenters were called to Nikko from all parts of the country to show their skills in competition. There are 22 buildings in this shrine of various styles and sizes, all of which are designated as national treasures. No other place can equal Nikko in its combined beauty of nature and art.

A Japanese proverb says, "Do not say 'Kekko' (maganificent) until you have seen Nikko." Someone has said that at the Toshogu shrine is a magnificent blend of artificial luxuriant spendor and natural beauty. One cannot imagine the beauty of the buildings, the intricacy of the carvings and the vividness and blending of the colors. We were told that the repainting of these buildings goes on continually. Visitors are stunned by its beauty and it is a MUST that the Japanese visit this world famous shrine once in a life time.

One of the interesting buildings in this group is the Goju-no-to five storied Pogodo at the front gate. Suspended in front of this is a massive moss covered stone lantern.

The building with which we are most familiar is The Sacred Stables because of the brilliant carvings of the eight monkeys. Three of these monkeys are widely known as "See No Evil, Say No Evil and Hear No Evil." These monkeys are said to serve the sacred horse, of the ruler god, to protect it from sickness and accidents.

DO NO EVIL

Although three monkeys of Nikko Shrine have been so famous with three phrases "see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil", amongst eight panels, you should pay some attention to 6th, 7th and 8th panels which might represent "do no evil."

The 6th panel:
This panel is to teach us that a married life is not always honey. Notice the expression of the monkey on the right. He is fed up with his wife! Or shall we say that she is fed up with her husband?

The 7th panel:
We are apt to take a gambling chance in our eagerness to succeed in our life quickly. Now the monkey on the left is trying to plunge into the turbulent sea in her eagerness to succeed quickly although monkey cannot swim very well. So her friend is advising not to take a chance.

Muranaka

The 8th panel:
Now, ladies and gentlemen, poor monkey is now pregnant. She took a chance!

It was in this shrine that we saw the first large contingent of Boy Scouts; after that they seemed everywhere, wholesome looking young men and most polite.

I read in a Japanese paper that the 13th World Jamboree of Boy Scouts opened at a campsite, Asagiri Heights, about 90 miles west of Tokyo. There were 30,000 scouts and scoutmasters attending, representing 89 countries. Many of them had arrived early to visit the Orient before the jamboree.

Japanese Prime Minister Eisaku Sato was unable to attend the opening ceremony but his message was read by Education Minister Saburo Takami before the noisy but joyous crowd.

In his message of "heartfelt welcome," Sato said the scouts attending the jamboree "are very fortunate in being able to camp in the vicinity of Japan's sacred mountain of Fuji where the air is pure and the fields are green."

The campsite is on the western slope of Mt. Fuji, generally considered by the Japanese as a sacred symbol of the nation.

"I hope you will actively take part in the new future world ahead in a manner as pure as Mt. Fuji and with the heart as wide and rich as the fields before you," Sato's message said.

The 500 acre campsite is an area on rolling hills. Prior to the opening ceremony the scouts made last minute preparations for the week-long youth festival, erecting tents and clearing the field. The ceremony began with a march-in by delegates from all participating countries in alphabetical order – with Afghanistan in the lead and host Japan at the end. Each contingent followed its national flag.

Astronaut Neil Armstrong of Apollo 11, visited the jamboree. His visit was followed by a visit of Crown Prince Akihito of Japan.

The U. S. A. delegation, with 8,000 members, was the largest foreign contingent taking part. They arrived in Japan on 16 chartered planes and with 16,000 pieces of luggage. Judging from the shopping they were doing, they will have double the amount of bags on their return trip home.

We chatted with a number of the scouts and they seemed happy to meet with someone who could speak English. They always told us the State from which they came. We only met one group from Virginia. It was noticeable that only a very small percentage had long hair.

While shopping one afternoon in a Japanese silk store, a timid young scout approached me and inquired as to how many yards of silk should he buy for a dress. I asked the size of the person for whom he was buying and he replied – "It will be for a very nice lady, my mother, and she is about your size." I felt like hugging and kissing him.

En route back to Tokyo by train in the late afternoon, Sally volunteered to give us some lessons in speaking the Japanese language. We learned to count to "ten"; to say "Good Morning", "Thank You", "Good-bye" and "You're Welcome".

Sally admonished us that it was most impolite to ask a person his or her age but to inqure what animal represented your birth year. Sally gave each of us a Japanese Fortune Calendar by which your fortune was revealed depending on the year in which you were born. This is significant in the lives of Buddhists. TRY YOUR FORTUNE !

Our fast moving train passed through the Yokahoma area which could boast of better homes than those we saw around Tokyo. We saw many rice fields and small plats of vegetable gardens. Every yard of the land was productive.

After an interesting but tiring day and a very tasty dinner at the hotel, our Foursome settled down to a game of bridge before retiring. So far the scores were running nip and tuck !!

We awakened to a beautiful sun-shiny day on Wednesday, July 28th. After our breakfast at the hotel, Sally led us to the bus at 9 o'clock. Again, we were amazed when the little girl aid to the driver whistled him into an almost impossible parking space.

Our scheduled tour included Hakone via Kamakura. Sally described Kamakura as "a classic town, where many wealthy and important people resided and enjoyed the beautiful beaches along the Pacific Ocean." This city is a large sea port and we saw many ships of all kinds, including large sea going vessels.

The main attraction here was the BIG BUDDHA sitting in the open, with eyes half closed in meditation and known as "The Peaceful Buddha." This Buddha has been sitting with knees crossed for 715 or more years. He measures 44'3" high-his face 7'8" long and he weighs 122 metric tons (about 269,000 lbs.) He has 656 curls on his head, each 9" in diameter. One can enter this statue, climb some very narrow and steep stairs (believe you me) and get a beautiful view from the grated windows. Laura snapped a picture of Sue and me while peeping out of the window. What a thrill – and at the same time dreading the descent.

A number of our group with backs to the huge Buddha.

Besides Boy Scouts, we continuously encountered uniformed groups of Japanese school children on school trips. They were not in school but took their trips during vacation.

We continued on to Hakone along the scenic coast line of the Pacific. The sand as well as the land is black because it is volcanic. En route we passed well layed golf clubs with girl caddies, clolorful amusement parks, Marine land, nurseries for stunted trees and many Government apartments which are rented by lottery. This lottery system works thusly-after 15 draws and an applicant does not succeed in obtaining an apartment, he is placed on a priority list.

A very poignant sight on this trip was the Hakone Cemetery where carved stone figures from small children to adults were kept dressed – toys and food were placed before the children – food and other articles placed before the adult figures.

Laura standing in the Hakone Cemetery where carved stone figures are dressed and toys and food placed by the stones.

We arrived at the Kowakien Hotel in early afternoon after traveling through marvelous mountain scenery over narrow roads with numerous "hair-pin-curves." I feel positive that our driver exceeded the "mountain speed limit", if there is one, and I offered a silent prayer of gratefulness on our arrival at this Japanese style hotel.

Allow me to detour my thoughts and tell about a 'phone call I made to home!

For the past day and night, I had a feeling (woman's intuition) that something had happened at home that I should know about. On arrival, our rooms were assigned and instead of following our group to the dining room for a late lunch, I decided to go to my room immediately and place a call to HOME SWEET HOME. "An honest confession is good for the soul." This is the FIRST time I had ever felt just a little bit of home-sickness while tripping in foreign flands!

Bird's-Eye View of Kowaki-en Complex in Hakone

Before entering the room, I was told to remove my shoes and put on bedroom slippers provided by the hotel, which I did. I immediately placed a call (2 p.m. there and 1 a.m. in Appomattox) to the home of my son, Fred. I finally got over to the English speaking Japanese operator that I wanted to call COLLECT to State of Virginia, U.S.A. 352-8090. I then inquired how long it would take to complete the call, as I had planned to go to the dining room and eat lunch in the meantime. She told me to "Hang on", which I did. Believe you me, it is amazing. In a little less than five minutes, I heard Fred say, "Hello." I could hardly believe it! The conversation went thusly - "Fred, this is Mama - nothing has happened but I just wanted to call home as I had a feeling that something has happened there and you all are keeping it from me." He assured me that everything was fine and there was no BAD news which I seemed to be expecting. I begged him to tell me some news and he said there was none. I told him that it was funny that when I was at home things were always happening and when I left, there was no news!!

I told him that the hotel in which we were spending the night was strictly Japanese and we would have to sleep on a thin bed roll type thing on the floor. His reply was – "Mama, did you call over here to get my sympathy because you have to sleep on the floor tonight? You are well padded so lie down and go to sleep!" My reply was that I had no idea of going to sleep then as it was 2 o'clock in the afternoon. He then informed me that it was 1 o'clock in the morning at home. He was asleep when the 'phone rang but he was glad I called. This connection was great – sounded as if we were in the same room. (I considered this $15.00 well spent!)

I felt fine after the call and joined our party for lunch. They could hardly believe that the call had been completed so quickly. Fred told me later that the 'phone by the bed awakend him and he heard this foreign operator speaking and not a word could he comprehend. He finally understood her to say "you pay"? and he replied – "yes, I pay – I pay."

After lunch our Foursome was fortunate to get a taxi to take us down the mountain to the shopping center of Hakone. The taxi driver was humorous and drove much too fast. When we asked him to slow down, he would barely move. The shops were clean and the proprietors were polite and anxious to sell.

While shopping we ran into Owen, Shirley, Gretchen, Hazel and others. Of course, Owen was trying to find antique shops.

There was a steady line of traffic but no police or traffic lights. Pedestrians were given a flag to hold up when crossing the street – there were containers in which to leave the flag so it could be used by others.

The four of us did lots of shopping – we bought screens, incense burners, glass flowers, jewelry, dolls, linens, kimonos and happy coats. We were well pleased with our purchases, some of which were mailed home.

We thought at one time we would have to walk back up the mountain to the hotel, but we appealed to a shop owner when we picked up some of our purchases and he called a taxi.

This beautiful hotel was STRICTLY Japanese and provided us with beautiful but very large kimonos which we were to wear to dinner that evening. The bath tub was sunken 4 1/2 feet. The bathroom was divided into two sections. The main room was also divided into two sections and we looked out on rustic scenery and heard the babbling brook. Sweets and green tea were served us before dinner.

We were puzzled as to how we would wear the perfectly huge kimonos until maids were sent to each room to aid us in dressing. It was amazing just how these adorable girls could bundle up so much material and tie a sash around and make you look neat – just as if the kimono was made "specially for YOU!"

Our FOURSOME, Laura, Rachel, Sue and Mary, after donning kimonos with the assistance of a maid, to go to the dining room of the Hotel Kowaki-en for a strictly Japanese dinner. It was in this hotel that I made a telephone call to home.

After going through the motion of eating dinner, I was still hungry. Our Japanese beds had been made on the matting covered floor with 2 thin layers of a special material to keep us warm.

Bathing in Japan is a ritual - water is put in a small pan and a lather is made. You then descend by steps to the tub and meditate for at least 45 minutes before bathing. Sue said that she did not get her required meditation that night but completed the ritual the following morning.

No bridge that night - too uncomfortable to sit on the floor!!

We bade farewell to the nice hotel personnel after breakfast and descended the scenic mountain via Ten Province Pass to the Atami Station. On account of the dense fog and low clouds we were unable to see the famous Mt. Fuji. Jean was 'specially disappointed as her husband, John, had been there.

We boarded the JRN limited-express (Bullet) train "Kodama" to travel to Kyoto. This train traveled 125 M.P.H. While waiting for our train to arrive, we saw, or rather heard two real BULLET trains whiz by - such speed!! We partook of a light snack on the train - the same peculiar taste which all Japanese food has.

Our reservations were at the International Hotel Kyoto - very imposing! The Geisha girls originated in Kyoto.

In the afternoon we visited the Inaba Cloisonne Company where we witnessed the tedious process of making beautiful but expensive articles by hand. Wires in certain patterns are glued on copper. Then designs are cut between the patterns. Enamel is applied with tiny brushes and dried. This is done enough times to completely cover the wires, producing exquisite and often times priceless jewelry, vases and boxes of various shapes.

Hazel was celebrating her birthday and Pete selected as her gift a cloisonne inlaid jewelry cabinet, small and colorful but precious, costing $100.00. Each of our group made smaller purchases which we will cherish forever. We later shopped in the hotel lobby where Laura bought a strand of Mikamoto pearls and 3 unset ones.

We ended the day by having a surprise birthday party for Hazel with Shirley and Gretchen as hostesses. We had a Japanese birthday cake and all of the trimmin's! (Hazel was with us in Scotland on her birthday in 1970. There we celebrated her birthday in Edinburgh in the never forgettable Minto Hotel).

Kyoto is called the "Classic City", surrounded by mountains. In the stone age it was at the bottom of a lake which naturally drained. This city was planned and unlike Tokyo, all streets were named.

On Friday morning, July 30th, we boarded the bus marked "Baird Tour to the Orient" and spent the morning visiting the Kinkakuji Temple (Gold Pavilion), Nijo Castle and Sanjusangendo Temple (Hall of 1,001 Buddhas).

The Gold Pavilion, surrounded by gardens and lakes is very beautiful. This Pavilion is 3 stories high and is a replica of the original built by Zen sects of Buddhists. There are no statues or ornaments on or within this gold Pavilion which reflects beautifully in the lakes.

On the entrance to this shrine are the five Buddhist Commandments:

1. Don't steal
2. Don't kill
3. Don't look at girls
4. Don't lie
5. Don't be intoxicated

We next visited the Nijo Castle, just across the street from our hotel. This is a feudal castle built in the 17th century by the Shogun (the head of the army and ruler of Japan). Although his official residence was in Tolyo, he spent much time in Kyoto. This is a large wooden building behind a high stone wall. Of course, we had to remove our shoes. There was no furniture anywhere nor any provision for heat. We can understand the heating problem on account of the wooden buildings and their proximity to each other. The rooms were roped off and no cameras were permitted. The walls were covered with elaborately painted screens, very, very beautiful. Tapestries and gorgeously designed ceilings were unbelievably intricate and colorful Several rooms contained waxed figures representing the Shogun receiving foreign ministers, an ambassador, and being served tea which were very realistic. One intriguing thing was the whispering floors over which we walked and which made a noise very much like muted bird calls. Sally said these were designed that way so that if anyone eluded the guards and entered the castle, each step could be heard.

The Sanjusangendo Temple or Hall of 1,001 Buddas was built at the close of the 13th century. Thunder and Wind Gods guard the gold Buddahs, all having different faces - 500 Buddhas on either side. Each small Buddha has 20 pairs of hands. When a family lost a child, or other relative, they would go to the temple and place a charm on the Buddha which most resembled their departed relative.

On Saturday morning, Sally accompanied us on a four hour excursion to Nara, the ancient capitol of Japan. We traveled the 25 miles on a narrow winding road, through heavy traffic. Here we saw the world's largest wooden building which housed the world's largest statue of Buddah, called the Todaiji Temple. Tourists who visit this temple have fun crawling through a hole carved in one of the pillars which was supporting the building. The hole was about the size of Buddhas' nostril. It is said if you crawl through this hole, you will be richer, wiser and healthier. We appointed Chuck to crawl through for our group!!

The Kasuga Shrine with its large collection of stone lanterns was most impressive but we were intrigued by the cunning small spotted tame deer. These trim animals are considered sacred messengers of the gods. They were accustomed to being fed by tourists and when food was held up and the deer were told to "bow", they would make a deep bow and eat just as long as you would feed them!

Between lunch and dinner we shopped at the Kyoto Handicraft Center and other attractive shops - buying jewelry, beaded sweaters, dolls, linens and attractive souvenirs. Some of the most beautiful things we bought here were fragile, beautifully designed 9 piece coffee sets, so delicate that the face of a geisha girl stood out prominently on the bottom of each cup when held up to

the light. We must have bought a dozen sets. It was here that Laura bought a 3 paneled hand painted screen for a friend back home to be hung in her living room. It was interesting to see the little old artist in the characteristic kneeling pose go about his work.. She chose this particular one with the aid of Sue, Mary and me, so she could have someone else to blame for spending $20.00 more than her friend gave her. We had fun comparing our purchases when we returned to the hotel. We didn't seem to realize that our luggage weight was building up fast with Taiwan and China yet to go!!

There were several dining rooms in our hotel where we could get our meals. We had a meal allowance. If we exceeded that we paid the difference, but the allowance was ample for fabulous meals. Two dining rooms where we ate dinner were memorable, one where Geisha entertainment was provided during the meal and the other where they served an exotic buffet and had an American style orchestra - electric organ, guitar, cello and Soloist. This was a beautiful room - the center piece for the table was a Swan carved in ice and every type of delicious food, American and Oriental was there. The thing that impressed us most in this room was the selections played by the orchestra. Would you believe Stephen Foster's beloved songs of the South? We couldn't, but it didn't take the band long to sense our delight and enjoyment. After hearing the harsh and discordant (to us) music of Japan it was very refreshing and nostalgic to hear music of the American South played so beautifully by Japanese thousands of miles from Dixie.

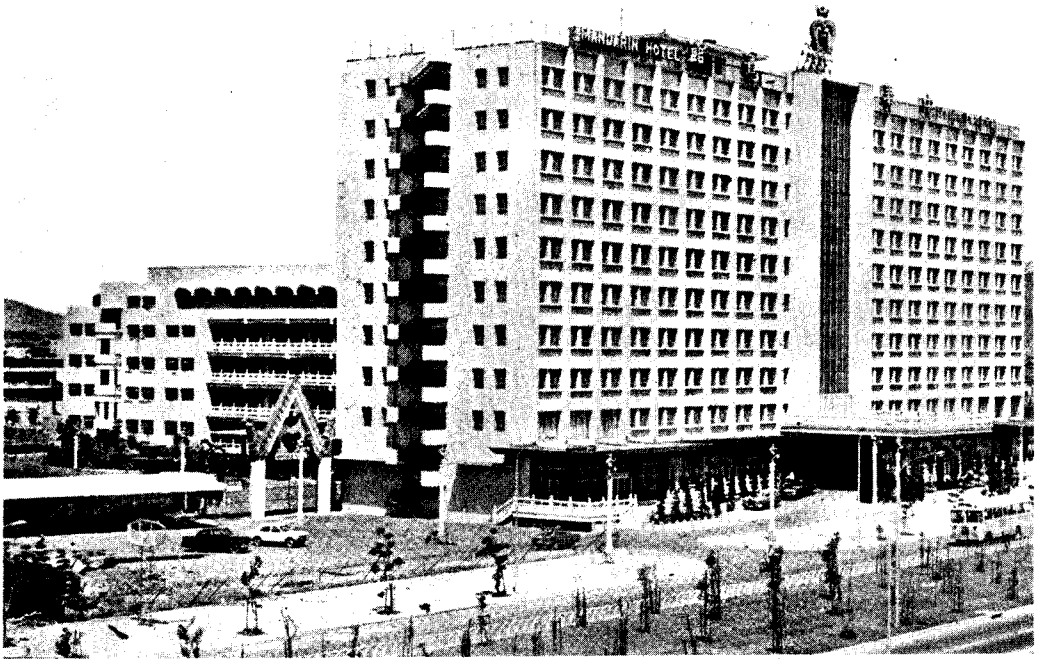
Owen accompanied a group of us for a stroll after dinner. We wandered through narrow and dark streets and saw families at work. They worked in the front of their abodes and lived in the rear - practically no furniture but always with matting on the floors. They were extremely polite and greeted us with smiles and did not seem to mind foreigners barging in their homes. They desperately tried to speak a few words of English and communicate with us. Although they have no religion, as we know it, they worship often in Temples and Shrines.

It was fair, 90 degrees on Sunday morning, August 1st, when we left Kyoto at 7 o'clock and drove to Osaka to board at J.A.L. plane to travel to Taipei, Taiwan. Some of the route was scenic but it was most noticeable that living conditions were extremely crowded. This is the site of the World's Fair - some buildings are still there, but most, including U.S.A have been removed.

Sally entertained us en route by telling us interesting stories about her country and its people. She told us that visitors to Japan found "night life" quite an expensive affair and none surpasses Tokyo. She said it could very well cost a couple between $30.00 and $100.00 without really tryping if they visit a plush club where internationally known entertainers are staged.

Each of our group had become very fond of Sally and dreaded saying goodbye to her at the airport, knowing that we would probably never see her again. In appreciation of the "extras" she so willingly extended us, we made up a generous purse which Owen presented. She was most appreciative and invited us to "return to Tokyo some day and look me up."

The flight to Taipei required two hours. Again, we went through customs and Mary and Jean were the unlucky two to have their baggage searched.



The Mandarin Hotel, Our Home While in Taipei, Taiwan.

Immediately after checking in our hotel, The Mandarin, we ordered a taxi to discover some bargains in Twiwan. We had been told that Taiwan was an excellent place to shop and others, ' specially Sue, warned us to wait until we got to Hong Koong!

On entering the hotel there were huge elephant tusks and polished wooden statues of elephants which were ornamental and impressionable. Thanks to Owen, our Foursome usually occupied adjoining rooms so that we could easily communicate and make plans. The rooms in this hotel were palatial.!

We found Taipei to be a beautiful city - the main streets were wide and clean, kept so by cleaning women. Many palm trees had been blown down in the median section, due to a sever typhoon. The Government buildings, pointed out to us by our attractive taxi driver, were most impressive. It wasn't hard to get a taxi as there are 10,000 in Taipei.

En route to the shopping area we ran into conjested traffic and heard loud hollering and cheering of thousands of people. We were told by the driver that we were passing the city stadium where Taiwan and Japan were playing a baseball game which would determine the Little League Championship and entitle the winner to travel to the United States for the world championship play-off. Taiwan won!! I have always been an ardent baseball fan and my first impulse was to stop and see this game. I realized that I could not cope with those thousands of excited fans not knowing how to speak a word of their language. An interesting note here - Taiwan came to the United States and defeated our team, so they are world Little League champions.

We were not favorably impressed with the leading department store as it was stuffy, crowded and the merchandise was poorly displayed. We found our way to the famous Hagglers Alley which covered more than a city block of small shops. The keepers of these shops were anxious to sell their wares and the order of the day was to bargain until they descended to our price. I wasn't very good at this haggling at first but soon learned and before we left Hong Kong I was disgustingly an expert.

In this Hagglers Alley all types of food were cooked out on the street in small stalls. Lobsters, frogs and fish were cooked alive in boiling oil!! The odor was nauseating and repulsive!

We enjoyed a delightful dinner in the main dining of the hotel and later visited the shops in the lobby. The gifts and jewelry there were beautiful and most reasonable. I bought two pearl rings! Later that evening I had the thrill of bidding and making a grand slam, vulnerable!! My first and only!

A recent American visitor to the Island Province of Taiwan described it as "one of the few countries still undiscovered by tourists." "It is a country," she said, "where the U. S. dollar will stretch farther than in any other country in the world. It is also a country of unsurpassed kindness, friendliness and hospitality."

Taiwan is a rice and tea country - everywhere you go tea is served - in theatres, trains, temples and places of business. Many times it is served free of charge.

Among the many attractions are the elaborate temples, two Chinese operas, a puppet show and Chinese singing. A number of the hotels have dinner floor shows and colorful dancing.

Taiwan is one of the very few less expensive countries left for the tourist to visit. As an example - a hotel room for two that costs $12.00 a day in Taiwan is comparable to a $40.00 room in Paris or London. At that time, $1.00 U. S. money equaled $40.00 in Taiwan money. There were also coins.

No man is more revered in China than CONFUCIUS, the illustrious philosopher and teacher. Confusius, in the words of a Western writer, exercised such a formative influence upon the culture of China and much of the Far East that he must be counted as one of the most influential men in world history.

His teachings may be summed up in one word, JEN, used by the Chinese to signify LOVE, HUMANITY and GOODNESS. JEN involves consciousness of being true to ones moral nature, also altruism, or treating others as one would wish to be treated.

Ceremonies marking the birth of the illustrious Confusius are held at all Confucian Temples in Taiwan on his birthday, September 28th.

It was a very hot Monday morning - 90 degrees - when our man guide, Jimmy, came to accompany us on a bus tour of the country - side of this fascinating city, the capital of Free China. Our first stop was the beautiful National Palace Museum, housing thousands of priceless Chinese relics smuggled out of the Mainland. It would require 10 years to view all of these jewels, carvings, porcelains, and everything you could imagine. Of particular

interest were the carved boy and girl marble pillows - we were told the legend that a pregnant woman would sleep on the "Boy" pillow, hoping she would give birth to a son.

The Confucius Shrine was colorful and interesting. The Lungshan Temple to Buddha reflected a distinct different architecture from the Japanese Temples - more points, curlecues and angles.

In the afternoon we visited the Handicraft Center where distinctive furniture and arts were for sale. Many of our group made purchases.

Dinner - ANOTHER bridge game and off to bed!!

Our guide was very informative and intelligent. He told us that Taiwan has few policeman because of little violence and severe punishment if convicted of crime. The penalty for robbery is at least 7 years and a large fine and armed robbery conviction means death. Strikes are outlawed. Wages are low - $30.00 to $40.00 per month.

Taiwan is a sub-tropical country and is green the year around with 100 inches of rain annually. Every inch of the land is utilized. They grow and export green and black tea. Rice is a very important crop. We saw the water buffalos plowing the crops.

The Chinese are very busy during the spring and autumn seasons while ploughing and planting.

The road we were traveling was steep, narrow and frightening. The Chinese say - "Close eyes, everything O. K." This was hard to do after looking out of bus window and seeing a drop of thousands of feet and we were riding very close to the edge of the road. The scenery was beautiful. We saw rice terraces fed by springs and cultivated by water buffalo. We traveled up over 7,000 feet and finally reached a village occupied by the true Tiawanese people, the Aborigines. No one seemed to know just how they settled on this high mountain or when but thought it was probably 8,000 years ago when 9 tribes with 200,000 Polynesian people came there.

After walking over a bridge, there were covered hand rail cars awaiting to transport us up the mountain. With only two passengers to the car it was almost unbelieveable that two people, (usually a man and a half grown boy or in some cases, a father and his son 7 or 8 years old) could push these antiquated cars up this steep mountain. Mary and I rode in the same car and were no light load! The "pushers" were really sweating and straining every muscle to do their job which paid them only $5.00 per day for 8 round trips. This was considered excellent wages. The scenery on the way up the mountain was simply gorgeous! - many water falls and high peaks.

We found intriguing shops at the top and a refreshment center where our party enjoyed "Cokes" - (All but me - I've never drunk one in my life and certainly didn't intend to take my first one in Taiwan - Good old H20 was good enough for me!)

These shops featured Mother-of-Pearl jewelry, ivory fans, hair barretts and many other most reasonable items. At this point we were concerned about the weight of our baggage building up and we were looking for "small and light in weight" gifts. Laura had purchased one mother-of-pearl barrette and she later found another in her purse. I purchased one and later realized I had left it in the shop. To ease her conscience of a shoplifting charge and at the same time console me, Laura gave me one of the ivory barretts. Wasn't that sweet?

En route back down the mountain we were not as frightened as we were on the safer side and were happy that our "pushers" were riding. I inquired about the brakes and the father and son just grinned at me!!! I closed my eyes and "everything was O. K."

Nearly half-way down the mountain we stopped at the entertainment center (open theatre) where we saw the natives perform intricate and startling ancient tribal dances to loud and harsh music. We were not impressed at all!!

When we arrived SAFELY back to the village, we saw quantities of vegetables and meats (Unappetizing) on display in the hot sun. Mushrooms predominated - I didn't realize that such quantities were grown in any country except Poland, where I saw elderly women gathering them in huge fields and dropping them in basket-like apron pockets.

Our guide, en route to the hotel, told us of some of the strange customs and facts about the Aboriginese. In early times, before they reached the age of 15, everyone was required to be tattooed - otherwise they could not marry or be a part of the tribe. They were extremely superstitious - Newborn babies were bathed in cold spring water; the weaklings died because the spirit of the devil was in him and only the very strong babies survived this physical shock. When the children were 8 years old, they were taken into the tribe - two lower cuspids were extracted in order to make room for a pipe.

Bus drivers who are respected and skillful receive an average of $80.00 per month and sometimes tips will run their income up to $100.00 The average worker gets $300.00 annually. The attractive girls who worked in the hotel shops told us they received not more than $35.00 per month and the hotel did not provide any meals.

The birthrate is dropping as the girls were not considered very important until recently - Polygamy used to be practiced, but now Monogamy. Only Moslems can have more than one wife and only then if the first wife agrees. The guide said the ladies are more respected now and come FIRST. He called his wife his "Empress." In Japan the man came first!

Poverty is so prevelant in Taipei and the surrounding country in spite of the beautiful buildings which are low as this area is subject to earthquakes. The odors in some of the poverty sections are almost unbearable.

We had quite a pleasant and amusing experience the afternoon before we left this fascinating country. I wantered in the beauty salon in the hotel and inquired if I could get an appointment for "the works." I was told that no appointment was necessary. I called Mary, Laura and Sue and they came immediately! The darling little girls suddenly became very busy beautifying our Foursome! I have never laughed quite as much - this was more amusing then when I visited beauty shops in Moscow and Warsaw. We subjected ourselves to a real work-out for more than two hours - (three for me as I had a facial and my face was sore for 3 days). We were so pleased with the shampoo, wave and manicure and the operators tried so hard to please and do everything "just right". You will never believe it - I was charged only $3.00 for "the works" and of course I gave her a generous tip. This charge was in line with other low labor prices in this country.

There was an elaborate Chinese Wedding reception taking place in the hotel when we came out from our dinner! We didn't want to miss any excitement so we wandered around and watched the bridal party and 300 paying guests for a seated dinner. The bride wore a Western traditional white dress and veil and she changed dresses at least twice during the reception. It is a custom to bring money to the bride to help pay for the affair.

The bride was petite and lovely and the groom was young and handsome. We believed this to be a real 'love match' although they still arrange marriages with "go-betweens."

On Wednesday, August 4th, our bags were outside of our door ready for the pick-up at 9 o'clock. The luggage was beginning to bulge!! Laura, Mary and I went to a nearby shop to purchase some little Palace Lanterns for Christmas decorations. We had been there the day before and were under the impression that the small ones were 25 cents and the larger ones 50 cents. None of the clerks, including the very old white-haired owner, spoke English and we had a difficult time communicating. We bought around 30 of these colorful attractive folding lanterns with ivory, red, gold and black frames. We argued, gestured and tried to explain that they were due me two more lanterns for the price I had paid. Mary even printed it in English. Finally, they telephoned their English speaking salesgirl who arrived shortly in a taxi and gave me the two lanterns. When we arrived at the hotel, Sue told us that they were right and we were wrong - the small red and ivory ones were 25 cents and the red and gold ones were 50 cents and the larger ones priced higher. We could then understand why the old man was dancing a jig. It was too late to return and correct our mistake but we consoled ourselves in that we had spent considerable money at this shop during our stay there. Mary had purchased a very large jeweled screen to be shipped home. If and whenever I return to Taiwan, I shall certainly make restitution.

We said good-bye to Jimmy at the airport. He seemed pleased with the tip we gave him and the complimentary remarks Owen made on behalf of our group. I'll always remember something that Jimmy said which I thought to be amusing - "A Chinaman's paradise was to marry a Japanese girl; own an English castle; drive a German car; and live in the U. S. A."

When clearing customs before our departure, Mary's passport was questioned as on entry it had failed to be stamped. As usual, Owen cleared this as he did all of our rough spots. Mary became very nervous and upset and the rest of our Foursome assured her that if she had to remain, we would also.

Just prior to boarding the plane, Owen remarked that this was the first trip that I had been on and had not run into someone I knew. He had just finished saying this when a dapper looking gentleman walked over to me and said - "Mrs. Lawson, do my eyes deceive me?" I recognized him to be Morris Groisser of New York City. He was a former salesman for G.H. & E. Freydberg, with whom my son is associated. Morris had been a guest in my home. I was really happy to see him. He told me that he was now with another New York firm and spent several months each year in the Orient. He said he was then en route to Hong Kong but on a different flight. His hotel was only a short way from the Hong Kong Hotel where our party would be staying, and he would contact me the next day. He gave us a tip - to haggle and not pay the first price we were asked in the shops.

The weather was hot with intermittent showers when we boarded our plane for Hong Kong at 11:45 a.m. We had a nice lunch served during our two hour flight. Again we endured another customs check-out and claimed our baggage.

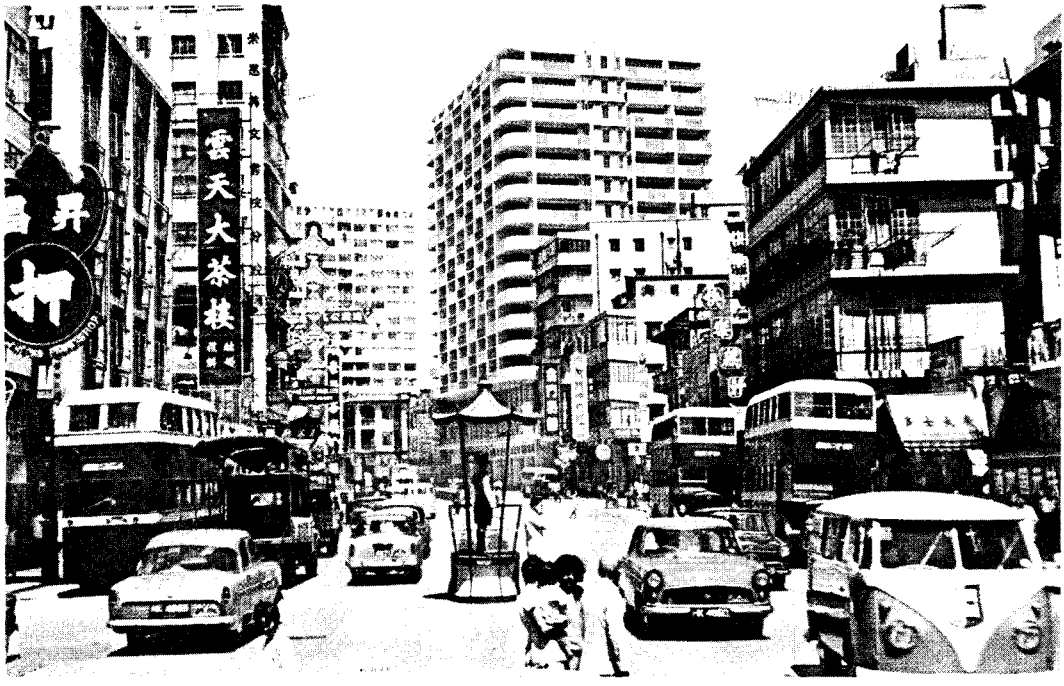
The Triple A representative had arranged for us to have a group picture made at the airport. We were delighted even though we were not in a picture taking mood at this stage of the trip.

An attractive young man met us at the airport and accompanied us to our hotel. He said he would be our guide while we were in Hong Kong - a shopper's paradise! The wealth of the world is on display in every street!

The free port of Hong Kong is every shoppers dream come true. We were allowed ample time here to shop for duty free merchandise, brought in from nearly every corner of the globe. Carved ivories, brocaded silks, embroideries, beaded sweaters and bags, cameras, watches, pearls, teak-wood furniture, woolens from England, crystal from Sweden and perfumes from France. They all can be found in Hong Kong and usually at prices lower than in the countries of origin. The Golden Mile in Kowloon is famous for bargains. We were told to try Cat Street for curios and Sai Ying Pung "Ladder Street Stalls" for low-cost articles.

Mary and I found it necessary to go out and purchase very large suit cases in which to carry our Chinese bargains home. It was impossible to resist the bargains - 'specially the linens, kimonos, gloves, dresses and last but not least pearl rings, princess rings and watch rings. I brought pearl rings and kimonos to each of my four grand-daughters and they loved them.

Our very fine hotel was located in the Kowloon section and the only way to travel to Hong Kong proper was on ferries which ran continuously and each one carrying hundreds of people. The view of the harbor, from our balcony window, was gorgeous at night. Ships of all kinds were lit up and the mountain side, strung with lights could be seen, making it look like a fairyland. This is one of the 3 best harbors in the world.



Jordan Road in Kowloon, Hong Kong, and a very busy street. Note traffic officer in center of street.

On arrival our guide warned us to beware of shops run by Indian merchants. We found these shops to be the best and cheapest and we did most of our shopping with the Indians. Mary was running short of money and without the least bit of trouble she had a check cashed in one of the Indian shops.

We found that contrary to Japan and Taiwan, we didn't have to change our traveler's checks to Hong Kong dollars. About 6:06 H.K. $ were equal to $1.00 in U. S. money. They also had their own currency. In Japan and Taiwan we couldn't spend an American dollar. No one would take it, but in Hong Kong they would take American money, traveler's checks or ones own personal checks. Again as a proof we weren't being gypped, we could mentally divide by six, but we found it to be unnessary as they, even after we did some haggling, were very honest. I think that we were unconsciously surprised.

On our first night in this beauiful city, Owen, Mary and I caught the ferry, (within walking distance of our hotel) and went to Hong Kong proper. We crawled in a taxi and Owen gave the driver the address of a slum street where he was told we would find many junky antique shops – and we did !! We did find some bargains and were ready to leave when two dogs began to fight and the third one joined in. In all of my life I have never witnessed such a dog fight !! Chinese families were eating out on the street – the dogs were upsetting the tables and getting more vicious all of the time. The shop keepers were beating them with brooms. I became so frightened that I crawled over in one of the shops and climbed up on one of the top shelves, knocking pans and dishes to the ground. I tried to explain to the shop owner that I would pay for anything I broke, which I did. While swinging on to one of the shelves, I could vision head lines in the Times Virginian, (home town paper) "Appomattox Woman Bitten by Dog in Hong Kong." Owen laughed after it was all over but he was frightened also. We taxied back to the ferry – then to our hotel and to bed – no bridge – I was too shakey from the dog fight scare !! I found a message in my room to call Morris, but it was too late to call.

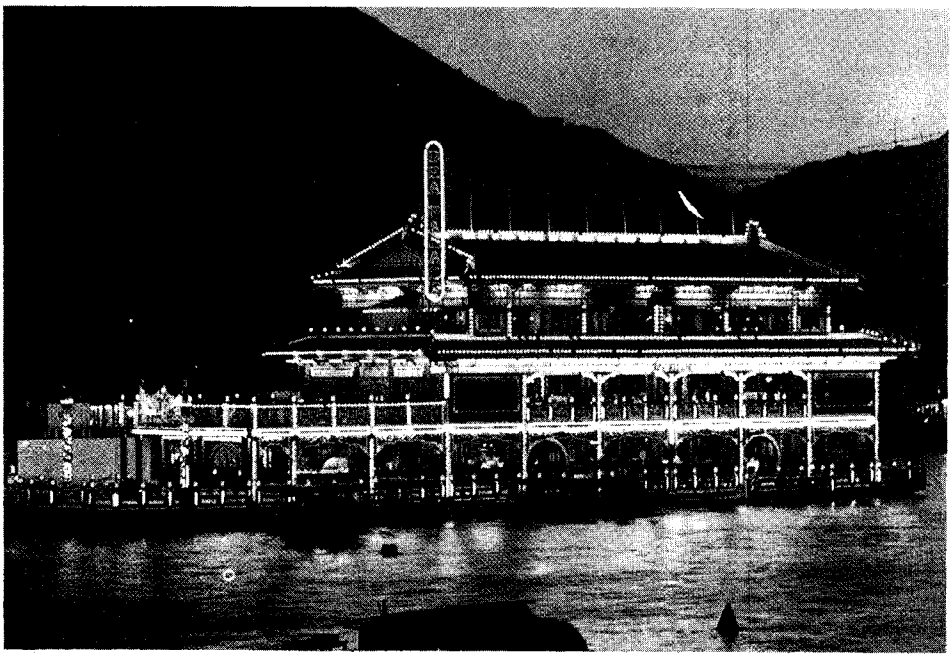
A view of a typical street with steps. It was here that the dog fight took place.

The next afternoon we boarded our bus for a tour of the Hong Kong Island. The ships, some so different from ours, were fascinating. A boat with a sail is called a Junk and one without a sail is called a Sampan. Carlyle Adkins, a member of our party was negotiating to purchase a Junk. I am not sure whether the deal materialized or not.

As we drove through the city we saw people of every walk of life. On the sides of the high mountains were imposing high rising apartment houses and condominiums. Some of the residential apartments were constructed by the government for refugees who had escaped from Red China. We also saw beautiful castles and homes for the richer class of people. Nearby these were shacks built by the Chinese who came there and had "Squatters Rights". They built humble homes of sticks, scraps of tin and most anything. They had no water or lights. This comparison reminded me of the "sublime and the ridiculous" !!

We came to a rest stop by the China Sea. A number of our group waded in the sea just to have their pictures snapped, even though it was rough and rocky.

We then proceeded to Aberdeen to enjoy a typical Chinese dinner on a floating restaurant, The Sea Palace. This is a fishing village of 85,000 people who are born, live and die here. It is literally a floating city and even has a city hall. We were rowed in Sampans to the restaurant by weather beaten women. These people are called "water people". Few of them ever attend a school or leave their boats.



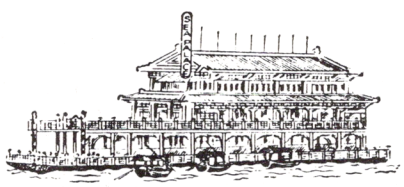
Sea Palace - The Floating Restaurant in Aberdeen, Hong Kong

Naturally this floating restaurant was noted for its sea food – I ordered what the waiter called steak. I have since found out it was buffalo meat, and it nauseates me now to think of it!

Sea Palace 海角皇宮鮮舫

MENU

蟹 肉 粟 米 湯
Crab Meat & Sweet Corn Soup
吉 列 大 蝦
Fried Prawns
煎 焗 龍 蝦
Baked Lobster, Onion Sauce
五 柳 石 班
Fried Garoupa, Sweet & Sour Sauce
蟹 肉 芙 蓉
Crab Meat Fu-Yung
楊 州 炒 飯
Chow Fan, Young-Chow Style
生 果
Fruit
茶
Tea



Morris called and said he tried to get me in time to go out to dinner but he was coming over then for a short while. When he learned that we would enter the U.S.A. at Honolulu, he warned us to be extra careful in filing customs declaration of purchases as this was one of the strictest places to clear customs.

On our last day in Hong Kong we continued to yield to bargains. I broke down and visited the Rossell Tailoring shop and was measured for a dress-suit. Mary ordered two dresses with coats from the same place. Laura and Sue had ordered suits, dresses and a coat with shoes and bags made to match. Others in our group had also been measured for custom made clothes. I selected Indian Prints and had two blouses tailored and delivered to the hotel just one hour before our departure.

Our Foursome played bridge in the hotel lobby between the time we checked out of our rooms and leaving for the airport. We had quite an audience watching us, some of whom had never indulged in this fascinating game.

We cleared customs, checked flight reservations and then the real ordeal came – having our baggage weighed, each traveler being allowed 44 pounds. Hong Kong being under Bristish rule, (I was ignorant of this fact until this trip) two young men, with distinct English accents, informed us that the group's baggage was $1,200.00 over-weight !! We were utterly shocked and Owen actually turned pale. Owen inquired – "$1,200.00 divided by WHAT"? (In most foreign countries you have a mathematical problem to convert their prices to correspond with ours, and usually you divide). Owen was told – "Divided by nothing – $1,200.00 American dollars" !!

Owen told the BOAC men that we did not have that much money in the crowd – that we had spent out in Hong Kong and were en route to Honolulu where we would get more money. Owen haggled with them and the price was reduced to $750.00. Owen kept haggling and they finally said that $425.00 was the rock bottom figure.

In the meantime, I was taking inventory of the cash I had on hand and traveler's checks. I then spied my American Express world-wide travel card which Fred had insisted that I take with me. One of these English men spied this card at the same time I did and pointed his finger at me and said –"You pay – they pay you" !! This I agreed to do after conferring with Owen. There was a chance of our missing the plane if we delayed too long. They then weighed the baggage of each individual and pro rated the amount due by each one. Sue, Laura, Gretchen, Eunice and Chuck were the only ones who were not overweight. Sue and Laura had many of their purchases mailed home. I'm sure the postage cost less than the overweight. Carlyle did not fail to express his opinion of the British in no uncertain terms.

I was punctually reimbursed by my traveling mates but did not receive a statement for this $425.00 for two months later. Owen reported this incident to the Triple A office in Richmond, and they felt sure that we would have this money returned to us but to date we have heard nothing to this effect. Our schedule called for us to fly Japanese Air Line from Hong Kong to Honolulu. We were told that this BOAC plane had arrived as a chartered plane from India a few hours before our flight. The British figured they would make the trip and "help the British economy."

We were two hours late leaving Hong Kong on this large Jet. The plane was not crowded and each of us had a window seat. We had a grand view of the ocean with ships of all types – a lovely picture.

We were flying to Honolulu by way of Tokyo where some passengers deplaned and our plane refueled. We were ready to land in Tokyo at 11 p.m. It was a beautiful sight flying over this brilliantly lighted city near mid-night. This is one of the busiest airports in the world and we circled the city for 45 minutes before landing due to heavy air traffic. It was necessary for us to remain on the ground there for two hours on account of the crowded conditions of runways. It was while we were in China that the Japanese Air Line suffered one of the worst mid-air crashes in history.

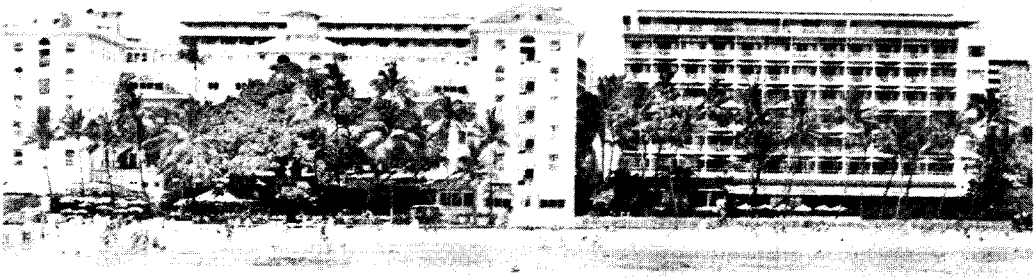
After passengers deplaned in Tokyo there were sufficient seats for each of us to have a three -seat section which enabled us to partially stretch out and sleep during the 11 hour trip to Honolulu. We crossed the International Date Line sometime during the night and with the change in time we arrived in Honolulu before we left Hong Kong – Figure that one out ??

Our first impression was that Honolulu was the most beautiful sight we had ever seen – possibly we were prejudiced because it was a part of the U.S.A .– beautiful blue water, palm trees, interesting sail boats and a nice warm breeze.

We had dreaded the final customs ordeal and had filled out forms while en route declaring our purchases and cost of same. We were allowed $100.00 tax free.

After claiming baggage, everyone rushed to get in one of the many lines to check through. Mary and I, each loaded down with two large and two smaller bags, did not rush. I used a woman's intuition and carefully watched the custom agents – some seemed more lenient than others. I spotted one man who was shaped like Santa Claus, and had a slight lisp. I beckoned for Mary to follow me through this line. This nice man looked at me, looked at my baggage and said – "Lady, how in the world did you accumulate all of this baggage?" I looked him straight in the eye and said – "If you had a large family at home, including 12 grandchildren, who were expecting you to bring gifts to them, you would have to scout around and do a lot of shopping also." He looked at me, smiled, patted me on the back and said, "Go on home, Grandma." Mary and I paid the required amount of customs due according to the declaration which we had filed, after this nice man OK'd it! Sue and Laura had the same good luck.

We walked the line and found some of our travelers having their bags searched and many questions asked. All of Owen's antiques were dumped out! On account of a misunderstanding concerning a strand of pearls, both Carlyle and Bea Adkins were carried to the "dark room" and subjected to a search. After this was cleared up, Carlyle was really furious – his eyes were literally dancing and we were on his side!



The Moana Hotel on Waikiki Beach which has the atmosphere of gracious plantation hospitality.

We were transferred by limousines to the spacious and rambling hotel, the Moana, on Waikiki Beach. Wide and breezy porches called lanais, facing the ocean with tables and umbrellas were most inviting – wonderful for bridge. We had a delightful dinner on the lanai. Our allowance was $7.50 and we went the limit! Along with our meal we were served the most delicious fresh fruit salad I have ever eaten–iced tea was served with a long cylinder of pineapple. During the dinner we were entertained by the dancing and singing of the natives.

Soon after our arrival, I called my friends, Edd and Mace Green, former residents of Appomattox. Edd is a retired army Colonel and they love living in Honolulu. Mace told me they would pick me up at the hotel the following morning and take me on a tour of the Island.

They first carried me to their attractive home and presented me with a lei, made of orchids grown in their yard. We drove for hours over the Island and high up in the mountains where we had a panoramic view of the city and its surroundings. In a distance we could see the world famous Pearl Harbor. We enjoyed a delicious luncheon at an exclusive tea room. We then continued our drive and saw beautiful parks and impressive waterfalls.

Mace and Edd were telling me how prevelant crime was there – as a precaution, they even locked their home securely when they were sitting on their patio. I read in a newspaper while there that organized crime had come to Hawaii and "the rise of lawlessness is fast increasing." The Greens were wonderful to me and I hope to visit them again some day. (Since my return home, Edd and Mace came to the States to visit their son in California and their daughter in Massachusettes. They visited friends here for a few days and it was nice seeing them in Appomattox again.)

Wearing the LEI given me by Edd and Mace Green while relaxing on the hotel lanai and watching the beautiful blue ocean.

Sue, Laura and Agnes also visited friends while on The Island. Owen's nephew, who works at the airport, visited him at the hotel and saw us off when we departed.

On Saturday evening, August 7th, our group enjoyed a buffet dinner in the Hawaiian Hut at the Ali Moana Hotel. We had live entertainment – beautiful girls and handsome young men dancing. Owen was one of the lucky guests who was invited on stage to dance. Owen, being bashful, hesitated but Shirley urged him to dance with them and finally gave him a shove. Hazel snapped a picture of him dancing the Hula Hula to take back to Mildred.

We learned of a shop where we could go "fishing for oysters" and each oyster was guaranteed to have at least one pearl. I'm a poor fisherman so asked Chuck to fish for me. The oyster he pulled out had THREE matched cultured pearls with a nice luster. I had a pair of ear rings made with two and am holding one as a spare.

Our last day on this beautiful Island was wonderful! We walked the beach, played bridge on the beautiful lanai and browsed in the colorful shops in the hotel, not to mention the time we spent partaking of the wonderful Island food.

Across the street from our hotel is Waikiki's International Market Place, which is said to be the largest in the world. You name IT and they have IT!! Imports from everywhere! The world's largest shopping center is in downtown Honolulu. It really is tremendous.

In midafternoon, Dorothy Steele Howard, a native of Sue's home town, Concord, picked our Foursome up at the hotel and gave us a grand tour of the Island. She later carried us to her attractive home. Her living room afforded a lovely view of the mountains.

Dorothy was our guest for dinner at our hotel in the "Captain's Galley," overlooking the Pacific ocean through beautiful palm trees.

We reluctantly checked out of this lovely hotel to board our plane, a 747 United, scheduled to take off at 11 p.m. for "Home Sweet Home." We sat on the plane one hour and were told to return to the airport waiting room as the plane had mechanical trouble. We later boarded another United plane which could not get off of ground on account of rudder trouble. We finally got airborne at 1:20 Monday morning, Hawaiian time. I was always the first one to deplane when told to do so!

We slept very little before landing in Los Angeles at 9:23 a.m. With a three hour wait we indulged in a final game of bridge in the airport.

The flight over the desert from Los Angeles to Dulles, Washington, D.C. required four and one-half hours. After waiting two hours on the plane at Dulles, because of radio trouble, we were again transferred to another plane and flew "The Friendly Skies of United" into the William Byrd Airport in Richmond in 23 minutes. We were met by friends and families whom we were happy to greet after a wonderful and a safe trip.

Mildred Baird and family were there and gave Owen a BIG welcome home, 'specially Boo. Mildred drove Mary's car to the airport after being kind enough to keep it, wash it and fill it with gas, while we were tripping.

We, the intrepid travelers, reluctantly bid each other "aloha" hoping to meet again.

Our Foursome stopped at the Hot Shoppe in Richmond and had a snack before heading for home. We had called our homes from the airport to let them know we were safely back in Virginia.

The 15 intrepid travelers were:

Mr. and Mrs. Mendel Carlyle Adkins, Miss Eunice Allen, Mrs. Shirley Allard, Mrs. Gretchen Miller, and Mr. and Mrs. William Toombs, all of Richmond; Mrs. Mary Pettyjohn and Mrs. S. James Thompson (Laura) of Lynchburg; Mrs. John D. Wilson (Jean) of Farmville; Miss Sue Cross of Concord; Mrs. Agnes Ragsdale of Waverly; Mr. Owen Baird and Charles Baird of Laurel; and Mrs. Rachel F. Lawson, Appomattox.

I shall always associate each traveling companion with the following:

Carlyle and Bea Adkins – Clearing customs in Honolulu; their colorful Hawaiian costumes; Bea attending flower arrangement school in Japan; and Carlyle having a 'yen' for a Junk in China.

Eunice – Her friendliness and keen sense of humor.

Mary – Her love for Buddhas – and one of the nicest room-mates ever.

Laura – Seiko watches; Mikimoto pearls; and disturbing my rest in Honolulu.

Jean – Her beauty and youth.

Shirley – Her constant companion, the fruit basket; her beautiful hair; Unselfishness.

Sue – The Ming Tree; AAA; disturbing my rest in Honolulu.

Gretchen – Her unfortunate fall at airport in Honolulu; friendliness.

Agnes – Her serenity and dignity.

Pete and Hazel – Hazel's birthday party and daily hair styles; Pete's happy disposition and dancing with Geisha girls.

Chuck – His willingness to help the "oldsters."

Owen – A witness to the dog fight in Hong Kong; ironing out our troubles whatever they might be, a whiz at planning, and a genius at keeping his temper (if he has any) under control. He's the TOPS!

So ended our first trip to the Orient. Traveling so far in so many kinds of conveyences and returning home safely, all sound and healthy, makes us very humble and grateful. We are happy for renewed friendships and new friends made and the close association which gave us the good memories that from now on are a part of our lives.

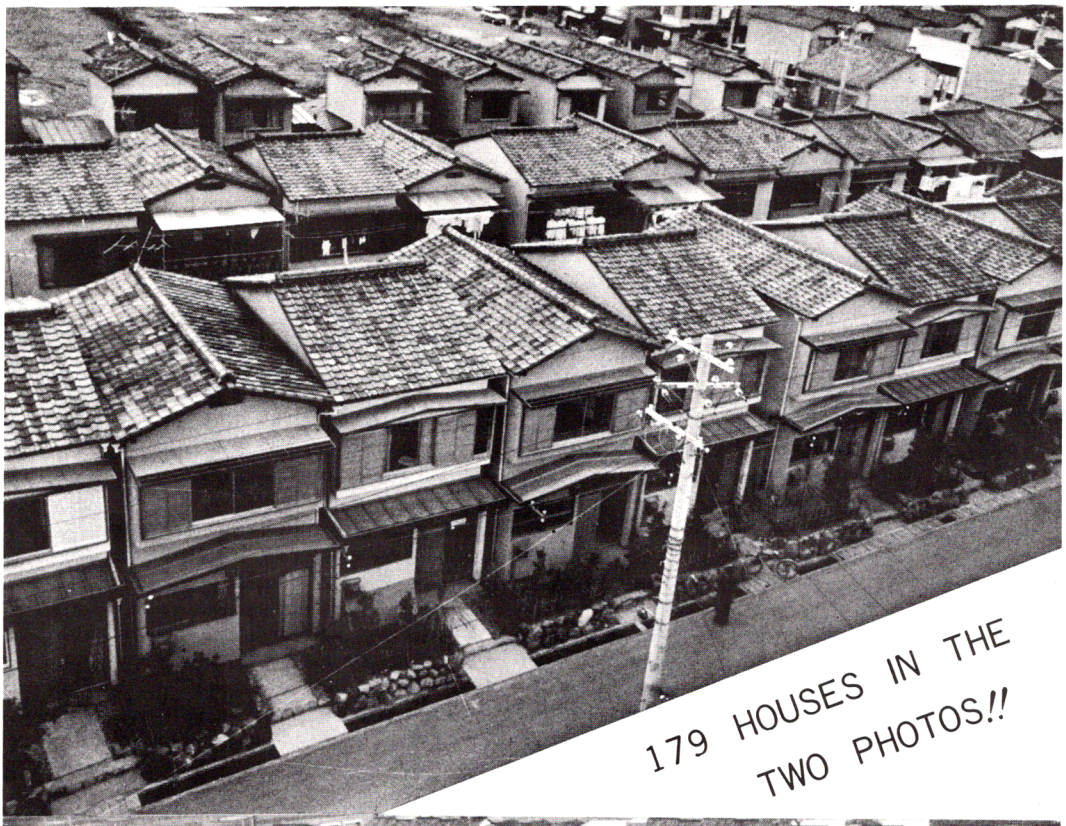
Seeing other cultures, so very different from ours, have made us more aware that beauty, talent and attitudes of other peoples are there to be admired, enjoyed and often emulated.

We went to see and to buy but we also learned. We saw so much poverty, but no self-pity. We can remember the serenity of the Japanese Tea Mistress who taught her students to think all good thoughts; the politeness and willingness to help us, even if it meant going far out of their way to do it. The argument of the little girl in Hagglers Alley in Taipei when she was trying to sell Laura a tea cloth, "But you are a rich American."

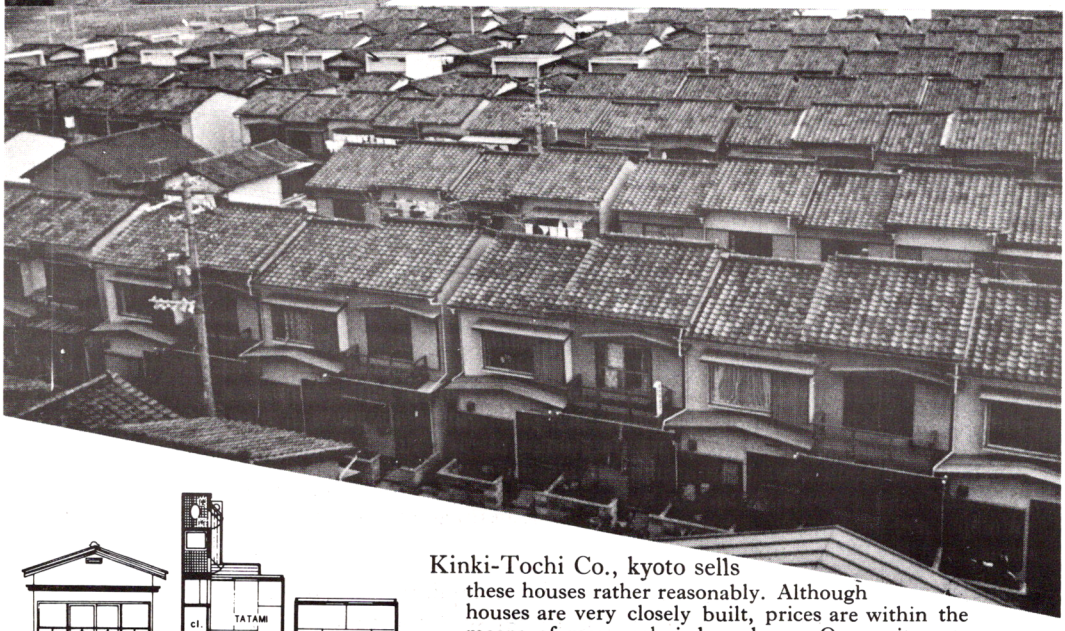
We are rich—even the poorest of us – but we have lost our sense of values. Instead of complaining about our government, we should support it and try to make it better. After all, we wouldn't live anywhere else! Would we?

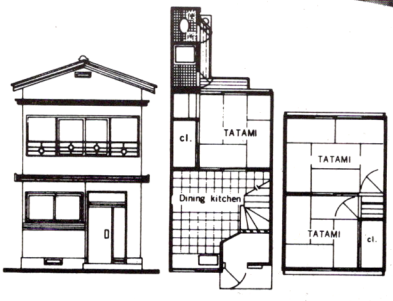
金　　閣　　寺

KINKAKU-JI TEMPLE



179 HOUSES IN THE TWO PHOTOS!!





Kinki-Tochi Co., kyoto sells these houses rather reasonably. Although houses are very closely built, prices are within the means of many salaried workers. One unit costs $3,890 (¥1,400,000)

Down: $1,110.—

monthly: $36,50.—for 10 years.

Total $5,490 {$3,890.....net. / $1.600.....interest}

◎What a big interest! I wouldn't mind being in the banking business.

Above price was for 1966 and now are 40% higher !

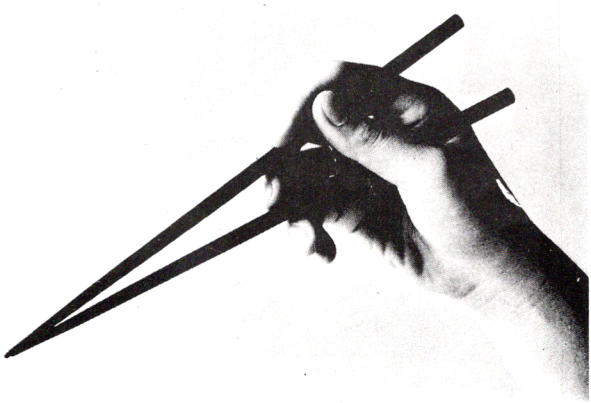
CHOPSTICKS AND HOW TO USE THEM

Almost all the people in the far east use chopsticks when eating a meal. In Japan they are called *o-hashi* and in Hong Kong they are called *fai ji*.

In all restaurants serving native dishes in Japan you will be provided with disposable chopsticks. The two pieces are usually stuck together and you'll have to pull them apart before using them.

To use these two pieces of wood or bamboo to pick up food might seem a bit difficult at first, but with a little luck and some practice, you too can become an expert at it.

Of the two sticks, only one is actually moved. This is the first secret. Hold the first stick by pressing it against the side of the forth finger and the base of the first finger with the lower part of the thumb. You should do it in such a way as to leave the upper part of your thumb free. Next you hold your index and middle fingers together and put the second stick in the niche formed by their tips. You hold this second stick in place with the upper part of your thumb.



Now that you have both sticks firmly in your hand, you can try to pick up something by moving *only* the second stick.

All this might sound terribly complicated but it really isn't. The best way is to get someone to show you how to use them the next time you eat in a Japanese restaurant.

Japanese and Chinese food simply don't taste right when eaten with fork and knife. Besides they are usually cut up already since it was considered barbarous to show a knife at the table. You wouldn't want to be a barbarian, would you? ■■

THE JAPANESE FORTUNE CALENDER

(1)	Rat:	1900,	1912,	1924,	1936,	1948,	1960
(2)	Ox:	1901,	1913,	1925,	1937,	1949,	1961
(3)	Tiger:	1902,	1914,	1926,	1938,	1950,	1962
(4)	Rabbit:	1903,	1915,	1927,	1939,	1951,	1963
(5)	Dragon:	1904,	1916,	1928,	1940,	1952,	1964
(6)	Sanke:	1905,	1917,	1929,	1941,	1953,	1965
(7)	Horse:	1906,	1918,	1930,	1942,	1954,	1966
(8)	Sheep:	1907,	1919,	1931,	1943,	1955,	1967
(9)	Monkey:	1908,	1920,	1932,	1944,	1956,	1968
(10)	Cock:	1909,	1921,	1933,	1945,	1957,	1969
(11)	Dog:	1910,	1922,	1934,	1946,	1958,	1970
(12)	Boar:	1911,	1923,	1935,	1947,	1959,	1971

(1) Rat: People born in the year of rat have a good fortune, but they are fussy about small things.

(2) Ox: Very patient and allow them achive success but eccentric.

(3) Tiger: Sensitive but short-tempered.
Smooth and easy going life.

(4) Rabbit: The most fortunate.
Smooth talkers and ambitious.

(5) Dragon: Healthy, energetic, honest, but excitable and short-tempered.

(6) Snake: Unbelievably fortunate in money.
Speak very little and possess wisdom.
Passionate and handsome or beauties.

(7) Horse: Very cheerful and talk too much.
Terribly independent. Enjoy good life.

(8) Sheep: Wise and gentle but are easily stimulated to pity for those who are unfortunate.

(9) Monkey: Clever and skillful in grand-scale operations.
Passionate and strong-natured but tend to cool off quickly.

(10) Cock: Deep thinkers and always busy. Not at all shy and quite brave. Eccentric and do not trust other people's opinion.

(11) Dog: Deep sense of duty and honest. But somewhat selfish, stubborn. Small talkers, yet make good leaders in industry.

(12) Boar: People born in the year of the boar do not make many friends but they make friend for life. Quite short-tempered, yet they hate quarreling or arguments.

Kyoto Handicraft Center
Kumanojinjya Higashi
Sakyo-ku Kyoto, Japan
Tel : (075) 761 - 5080

6

GREAT GOOD FORTUNE

Thanks to divine benevolence, your happiness will increase from day to day, and your dreams will come true. But in this you must be careful not to become too self-satisfied and also to take care lest your prosperity invite misfortune.

Be honest and upright in deed, and mind your behaviour and health.

- **Your desire:** will be fulfilled, through help from someone unexpected.
- **The awaited one:** will come, but not alone.
- **Lost objects:** will be found, in a place close at hand.
- **Journeys:** benefits await at your destination.
- **Trade:** good prospects for both buying and selling.
- **Agriculture:** profits not so great as expected.
- **Directions:** benefits will result from proceeding to east, northeast, or north.
- **Quarrels:** if you win, look out for lingering grudges.
- **Dependents and employees:** prospects good, especially where women are concerned.
- **Change of residence:** no obstacle.
- **Birth:** easy, but be careful of the child.
- **Illness:** serious, but recovery is certain.
- **Love and marriage:** some unlooked-for advantage will come your way. Await it patiently, without complaint.

Kasuga Shrine
NARA, JAPAN